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Out-Of-Body Experiences – A Poem

by Pete Spiro

Goes by many names: OOBE, OBE, OOB,
astral travel or projection,
and is distinguished from death
in that you return.

Imagine a car, like an old beater
that grinds and coughs and shakes
its way up hills. Imagine a hill
and imagine yourself
in the imaginary beater
as you push it past forty:
rattling like a tin can,
wheezing, buzzing, bulging,
straining against gravity,
it stalls. And as it stalls, or
before it stalls,
having pulled up on the emergency brake,
you leap and leave it
in neutral.

You're out. You're like string cheese
or like paste that's been squeezed from a tube.

You're like the "you" you talk about
when you think of yourself in third person.

You're like so/much/light,
and like O/so/beautiful
and none of it makes sense.

You're a bird, you're a leaf
in green rapture, you're invisible wind
that sweeps the leaf and lifts the bird.

You've got "pi" on your mind,
which is no longer a puzzle
because you can follow its sweep
toward infinity.

Let's face it: you
have been here all along
hiding in the reeds.

But you are
like any other dream
or any other trip
you've been on before. Shake it off,
let's get on with it.

There's a road. There's a journey.

And there's a reason
for it. Your trip
home for a visit
was to top off your tank
and keep you loose,
like a quick fill 'er up
and a speed lube.

Directions? Just one:

keep it focused
on the spot
where the rubber meets the road.

It's where oil stains
disappear and reappear
as angels dancing
the mambo or the polka
depending on the band
you dream there.

Peace. Love. Blessings.
Roll down the window and shout.
And drive it like your hair's on fire.

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